

i look a little different today because i am dressed
as a clown



poems & short stories by walter mackey

contents

i thought the world was weird when i looked at a
globe in the library
condiments
i hate myself
i locked myself in the bathroom for 17 hours
this is probably really really crazy but i don't care
because it's how i feel and i know what i feel is real
i thought to myself 'yeah this is probably going to be
really bad' and it was
discount love affair
oh ohh ohhh ohhhhohhhhhhhhhhhoh oh
ohhhhhhhhhhhoh ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh
these are the things we think about on tuesday

i thought the world was weird when i
looked at a globe in the library

there is a defect in the way we live

there is a coffee cup rolling around on a bus
floor

there is a police officer lifting a windshield
wiper and she is putting a ticket underneath the
windshield wiper and she is putting the windshield
wiper back in place and she is walking away and
and she is not thinking about the windshield wiper
because she will do this numerous times
throughout the day every day for the rest of her life

there is a baby spitting pudding on their
mother's face

there are seventeen bombs exploding on two
continents at the exact same moment in time

there is an uncle in montreal who feels too
anxious to leave his apartment today

condiments

once i saw a girl on the bus and she was wearing a pink coat and listening to 'the weepies' and she was smiling and waving at the cars when we arrived at each red light but the cars didn't wave back even though she waved frantically

i decided i wanted to sit closer to her and i sat in the seat directly behind her pink coat body and her iphone died so she took out her earbuds and sighed and i whispered in her ear 'do you know there is a world condiment shortage' and she said 'did you say condoms' and i said 'no condiments' and she said 'huh'

she got off the bus at the mall and i got off
the bus at the mall and then i saw her stealing
ketchup packets from kfc because there is a world
condiment shortage

she looked suspicious and i laughed to
myself and thought that she was a dumb bitch
whore slut blonde bimbo ass freak retard but then
again i thought that if someone told me there was a
condiment shortage on a bus i would believe them
and maybe you shouldn't believe everything you
hear because people lie a lot every day

maybe everything you ever read is all a lie

maybe i am a lie

i hate myself

i nvisible
h umans
a nd
t hirteen
e lephants
m asturbate
y ear-round
s o
e verybody
l oves
f ucking

i locked myself in the bathroom for 17 hours

on march 31st i locked myself in the bathroom for 17 hours because i wanted to know what a zoo animal feels like

there isn't much to do or see in my bathroom

i guess i will sit on my toilet or something

i wonder if i should sit on the toilet with the lid down or up and i decide that i should put the lid down because sitting on a toilet when you don't need to use it is kind of weird if you ask me

the bathroom window is really small and
even if i tried to escape i am too fat to fit through
the window

i wish there was something to eat in my
bathroom other than soap that isn't nutritious at all

i guess i will rip down the shower curtain and
use it as a blanket and lay against the wall and try
to fall asleep because i am feeling cold and it is still
winter and i see that it is starting to snow outside
the small window that i can't fit through

the shower curtain feels rough against my
skin and i don't know how much longer i can last in
my bathroom

i spent two hours standing in front of the bathroom mirror looking at my face and changing it so sometimes i looked angry and other times i looked happy and sometimes i looked in between happy and sad and i didn't know what emotion my face conveyed so i stopped looking in the mirror

what would the zebras in the zoo do if they could look into a mirror every day? would they look at their reflections and count their stripes or would they make faces in front of the mirror or maybe they would find another zebra in the cage and fuck the zebra in front of the mirror to add spice to their sex life because zebras probably do not have an awesome sex life like me

zebras probably aren't that kinky now that i

think about it

i guess i will sit in my bathroom and think about my future for a little bit longer because i don't know if i want to grow up to be a zebra or a monkey or a tiger

okay maybe i should just leave my bathroom because i am starting to feel anxious and this is really weird

this is probably really really crazy but i don't care because it's how i feel and i know what i feel is real

hannah was a bumblebee and she was starting to fall in love with the gardener. hannah watched the gardener prune the bushes outside of mr. reynold's house every day and hannah thought that the gardener looked really sexy.

hannah flew home and decided to watch television but there was nothing interesting on at 7 pm on a sunday night so she did some sit-ups instead. hannah was sweaty and needed to take a shower but she put the plug in the tub and took a

bath instead. hannah felt really clean. hannah masturbated and the water splashed in the bathtub and she felt really naughty and she thought about fucking the gardener even though she was a bumblebee.

tomorrow hannah would go back to mr. reynold's house to see the gardener as soon as she woke up. hannah wanted to tell the gardener that she had the hots for him but she couldn't find the right words to say and she was also a bee and gardeners probably didn't understand bee language so hannah sat on her couch and cried for two hours before she went to bed.

hannah woke up in the morning and flew to the gardener's house and it was raining and she

didn't see any other bugs or insects flying in the rain but she didn't care if there were no other bugs or insects flying in the rain. hannah was flying in the rain and that was all that really mattered.

the gardener was snipping at some bushes when hannah arrived and she was very excited and her bumblebee heart beat so fast that she felt like she was going to faint.

hannah buzzed near the gardener's hand and the gardener moved his hand and picked up his pruning shears to continue cutting the bush that he was working on. hannah decided that she had to try and talk to the gardener and it was now or never so she said 'gardener i think i'm in love with you and you are probably the sexiest gardener i've

ever seen and i really wish i could fuck you but i'm just a bumblebee and you're a gardener so that will never happen and i am going to die alone'.

the gardener said 'get the fuck away from my face'.

i thought to myself 'yeah this is probably going to be really bad' and it was

sometimes i think that everything i write is shit and nobody will ever read it but then my friends read what i've written and they say that it is 'good' or 'okay' or something like that but in actual fact i think it is all just garbage.

the next time that i write something that i think is shit i will just take the paper and crumple it up and put it in my mouth because it is dark in there and nobody will ever see it.

discount love affair

there are a lot of regrets in the world. if you could take the regrets of everyone in the world and put them all in one room you wouldn't be able to shut the door. there are two kinds of regrets in the world. small regrets and big regrets. small regrets happen when you take the plastic off of a lasagna and throw it in the microwave for five minutes and then realize as you're throwing the box out and glance at the cooking instructions and find out that you were supposed to keep the plastic on the top of the black dish and puncture holes with your fork. you were supposed to stab holes with your fork before you put it in the microwave. you were supposed to poke four holes in a line through the plastic wrapper but now it's in the garbage. now it's too late to put back on the package so you forget about it.

big regrets are the kind of regrets that people have when they decide to take matters in their own hands and instead of stabbing a fork through the plastic wrapper of a lasagna container they stab a fork through their husband's secretary's eyeball who doesn't look as pretty as you anymore.

when you're in the grocery store down the street from your house i hope you pick the cart with the squeaky wheel that glides across the white and grey speckled tile. while you scan the aisles and your cart slips and slides through the aisles as you browse for the cheapest kitty litter and your cat's favourite fish-flavoured canned food, i hope you think of me. i hope you forget your debit card out in your cold car and have to run out with your coat unzipped as you reach for each breast and close it with your right hand. i hope your cat chokes on the fish-flavoured canned food. i love you, you asshole.

oh ohh ohhh ohhhhohhhhhhhhhhhoh oh
ohhhhhhhhhhhhhoh ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

we had sex in three positions:

1. i laid on my back and he stuck it in my ass.
2. i sat on his dick and it went in my ass.
3. i laid on my stomach and he stuck it in my ass.

these are the things we think about on
tuesday

eric smelled burnt toast while he tied his sneakers. eric wondered if he was having a seizure. eric put his earbuds in his ears. eric turned on cassadaga by bright eyes. eric listened to the album three times before he reached the store. eric bought a bag of marshmallows and thought that they looked like sheep. eric walked back to his house and did not listen to cassadaga by bright eyes. eric felt upset that he ate so many marshmallows because they are not vegan.

eric sat on the windowsill and opened his mac. eric's screen was dusty and had four fingerprints in the upper right corner. eric checked his e-mail. eric

received an e-mail from rita rososki asking him to buy pills to make his dick bigger. eric went to the bathroom. eric took off all of his clothes. eric posed in the mirror. eric felt like hulk hogan. eric found a ruler and measured his dick. eric decided that he did not need the pills. eric was naked. eric went back to his mac on the windowsill and marked the e-mail as spam. eric turned on the reminder by feist and went to sleep. eric slept through six songs and woke up. eric started to cry.

eric closed all of the curtains in his house. eric stood in the dark. eric covered his eyes. eric imagined that he was in tokyo buying a soymilk from a street vender. eric turned on the lights. eric reached for his backpack. eric found a book at the bottom of his bag called 'when i was five i killed myself'. eric wondered why he didn't kill himself when he was five. eric thought that he should kill himself now.

eric wrote jane a letter. eric found postage stamps and stuck them to the envelope. eric licked forty-three stamps and stuck them to the front. eric's mouth tasted funny. eric wrote on the back of the envelope 'DIE WHORE DIVE OFF A CLIFF AND HIT YOUR HEAD AND FALL INTO A COMA'. eric wondered if there were any cliffs in nebraska. eric ate three apples and twelve slices of watermelon. eric felt like a fruit.

thanks

i want to thank authors like miranda july, tao lin, brandon scott gorrell, and zachary german for paving the way for contemporary artists to write what people can relate to. they have greatly influenced my writing.

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